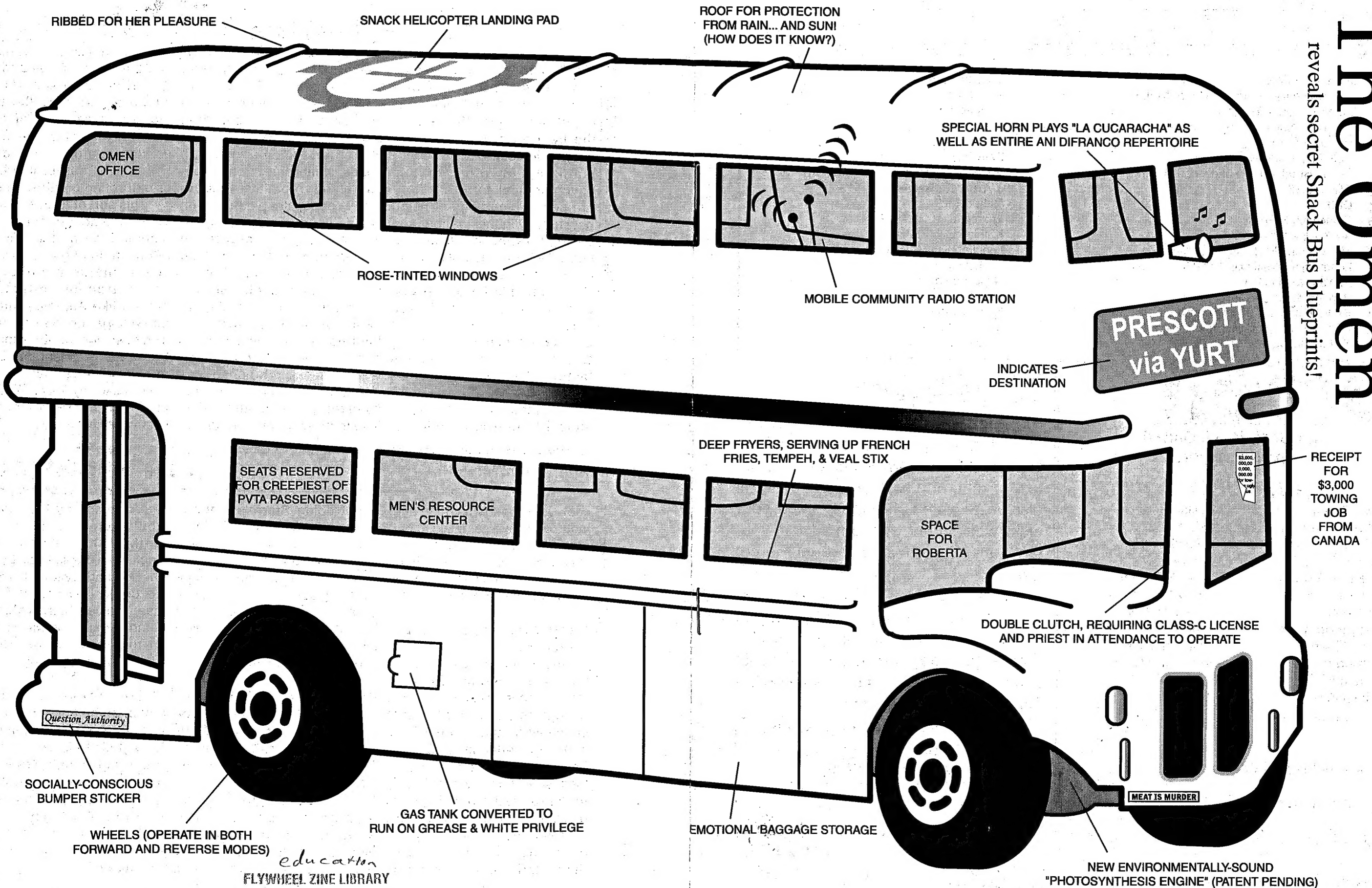


The Omen

APRIL 6, 2001

VOL. 16 NO. 4

reveals secret Snack Bus blueprints!



education
FLYWHEEL ZINE LIBRARY
43 Main St. | Easthampton, MA
www.flywheelarts.org
413.527.9800



C O N T E N T S

3	From the Editor	M Benni Pierce
4	Karl Competes for the O. Henry Award	Karl Moore
5	Zole's Oscars (Zoscars)	Michael Zole
6	Eggs and Sausage {In a Cadillac with Susan Michelson}	Jeffery Paternostro
8	I'm Not Sexy Enough	Michael Zole
9	Cole Makes Me Feel All Tingly	Beth Day
10	Shaun Breaks Down and Cries, Again	Shaun "BA" Boyle
12	Wilder 3:16	J Wilder Konschak
14	DICK	Gabriel McKee
15	Francesca is Article	Francesca "Gabe McKee" LaBop
16	5 + 7 + 5 = 2 Articles	Kathleen Chadwick
17	The General Mish Mosh of Things	Jennifer Jymm Gifford
18	Learning to Read with Good Vibrations	Dorian Gittleman
20	All You Need is Love	Rosalina Valdez
21	Bob the Turtle: A Closer Look	Rosalina Valdez
21	INTRAN's WEEKLY SCHEDULE FOR SPRING 2001	King of Intran
22	No Community = Alien Possession	Zak Kauffman
23	Torture us Again, Baby	Brady Burroughs

omen

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 4
APRIL 6, 2001

layout & editing

Shaun Boyle	Boyish Bob
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Eskimo Bar
Jennifer Gifford	Juvenile Offender
Zak Kauffman	Yuppie Town
J Wilder Konschak	Knuckle-Buster
Gabriel McKee	Fuzzy Headed
Karl Moore	Kangaroo Court
Jeffrey Paternostro	Jehova
Michael Pierce	Michelin Guide
Rosalina Valdez	Rope for a Horse
Gwynne Watkins	Guttersnipes!
Michael Zole	Zinc Foil

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



A LIL' BIT OF
CROTCH GOES IN
EACH AND EVERY
OMEN.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO BRADY BURROUGHS.

TORTURE US AGAIN, BABY

BY BRADY BURROUGHS, CONTRIBUTOR

Torture is not always done with wood and steel or with complicated machines. Sometimes the best methods of gaining information or otherwise dehumanizing an individual is psychological torture. There are several methods of using psychology in this manner and seeing how these articles are short, I will stick to only the basic concepts and explanation. Obviously, it's harder to discern who just was the first to utilize such means and when so except for specific encounters, so there can be no real historical information to be given.

A common form of psychological torture is isolation or

sensory deprivation. This can take a variety of forms; from simply locking an individual up and denying them personal contact of any kind, to elaborate systems involving hoods, white-noise generators and bland, repetitive food. In many cases, sleep deprivation is also used. In any case, the end result is to create an environment that brings about a maddening level of introspection and loneliness and fosters a total state of dependence upon the captors —so information will be easier to retrieve when interrogated as well as destroy the prisoner's sense of autonomy and ability to resist further persuasion. The intense mental disruption

and limitation of diet and rest can effect a prisoner's metabolism and deny the brain the proper amounts of sugar and oxygen. This leaves the prisoner much easier to handle whether for imprinting or extracting of information. This sort of torture is popular with almost every government in the world as it is very effective and leaves no visual scars, marks or otherwise easily traceable effects for groups like Amnesty International to get up in arms about. Ironically, the mental scars left by such treatment can be far more devastating than the scars left by "mere" beatings or other forms of physical torture.



NO COMMUNITY...

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

cook your food (which I'm sure mod people will complain about) and getting shot at by rednecks. On the plus side you get to hang around at the mall a lot, and can eat all the intestines you find.

Candidate #6: Starro the Conqueror

Are the previous candidates not flashy enough for your tastes? Then vote for Starro the Conqueror, the giant planet dominating starfish from DC's silver age. After one of Starro's baby starfish latch onto your face, you'll be hot wired directly to Starro's will, becoming more of a puppet than a person. This way, we'll be a real community, all of us thinking Starro's thoughts in unison as we go

about doing Starro's bidding. Starro, the JLA's first villain, is a very hot property right now after his recent appearance on Batman Beyond, where he successfully possessed the Man of Steel himself, Superman. That kind of publicity would look very nice in the Hampshire prospective student pamphlets.

Candidate #7: The Evil Dead

Joining the Deadite nation could be one of the best things to ever happen to this campus. The Deadites offer easy possession (none of the time and trouble of the Zerg or Borg), flight, time travel, and a first look at the upcoming 'Spiderman' film. Although the 'Evil Dead' films never really show what

kind of a society the Deadites would run after conquering earth, I can only assume it would be a utopia ruled by compassion and love, a land where we could learn what it truly means to be a half-zombie/half-demon. Plus, this will make it a lot funnier when people say 'Hail to the king, baby'.

I've presented to you seven of the finest community organizations in the business. With their help we'll become a true community, transcending the adolescent infighting we're currently mired in. So cast your vote today, because it may just be your last chance to make one.



NO COMMUNITY = ALIEN POSSESSION

BY ZAK KAUFFMAN, COLUMNIST

Community. That word gets abused a lot on this campus, but how many of you really feel like a part of one? After living at Hampshire for four semesters and watching people turn on each other over posters, articles, radio, Intran, work study, Duplications, and too many other things to list, I don't believe that this campus really is a community. At least, not yet.

You see, I think we can improve. I think that the people of this campus are basically decent folk with opinions they hold a little too dear. I think that if we could get past that, if we could see the other person's perspective just a little, then we could really become the kind of community that we all came to Hampshire looking for.

After doing a little research, I've found a few tight-community organizations that can help us. I plan to contact one of them within the next few days, but, being the all-community guy that I am, I don't want to choose the group without the input of my peers. So I'm presenting our options here, and I'd like you all to email me your responses at zkauffman@hampshire.edu.

Whoever gets the most votes will be contacted, and will likely arrive within the week to teach us what community really means.

Candidate #1: The Zerg

This organization has trav-

eled the galaxy, incorporating the best qualities of hundreds of races while eliminating any semblance of individual will. They can do the same for us. Imagine the glory of being part of the Zerg collective, of communicating directly to an Overlord, of having your organic matter used in the creation of a hatchling. And think of the pride of seeing the Yurt incorporated into the Zerg technology tree.

Once a part of the Zerg, I think we will find ourselves coming to consensus at record speed.

Candidate #2: The Phalanx

Although defeated by the X-men during the Generation Next arc several years back, the techno-organic Phalanx have the potential for a serious comeback on Hampshire campus. Advantages of joining the Phalanx include shape malleability powers that make the T-1000 look like a sissy bitch, the retaining of individual personalities while gaining a collective will and telepathic network, the ability to assimilate all organic/inorganic matter into our body mass (think UMASS), and potential future contact with the techno-organic home world.

Disadvantages include not being able to assimilate mutants and having to live in a hollowed out mountain.

Candidate #3: The Borg

These guys offer Hampshire a similar package as the Zerg

while allowing us to retain our original bodies, albeit slightly modified. Like the Zerg, joining the Borg collective will hook us into an intergalactic community infrastructure, with the technology and racial advantages of thousands of species at our fingertips. We could join in on the ground floor of one of the most powerful races in the galaxy, and get to meet Jeri Ryan.

Disadvantages: Picard is gonna fuck you up.

Candidate #4: Nazis

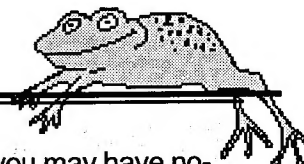
I know I'm gonna get resistance on these guys, but hear me out. Under the Nazis, Germany went from a disparate society on the verge of collapse to a tightly unified community acting under the will of one man. I often hear people complaining that the PVTAs buses run late. Well the Nazis will get those fucking busses running on schedule even if they have to kill a million Jews to do it. That's the kind of people you want backing you up.

Candidate #5: Zombies

I'm unsure how much effort people are willing to put into building this community, so I felt we should have at least one low-impact option. As a member of the zombie community, your only real responsibility will be stumbling around campus looking for food, emitting the occasional grunt and clawing at boarded up windows. Downsides include not being able to

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PERCE

I've made a very important decision about my life. I've decided to become a bus driver. Better yet, I've decided to become a bus driver in Florida, taking people from their ritzy hotel to and from the wonderful Disney Magic Kingdom. Now I'm not talking about some Ralph Kramdon wanna-be. No. I would be my own man. Most likely I'd change my name to Jimmy.

True story: I went to Florida for Spring Break. For one day and one day only, I went to the Magic Kingdom via a bus, owned and operated by a man, hired by the hotel as a third party. He didn't belong to Greyhound or some other bureaucratic bus company. No. He was his own man. He was Jimmy.

Jimmy owned his own bus, and wouldn't take shit from anyone. For example, when he came to pick us up from the Magic Kingdom, he found that another bus driver had parked in his designated place. He proceeded to exit his bus, and yell at the other bus driver, "You have to move that piece of shit. I pay for that space. Now you've screwed up all my passengers." The other bus driver didn't say much of anything other than, "That's not very professional."

Inspired by Jimmy, I think I've found my calling. He has set my life in the path it was meant to be in. The only problem is that I have to get through the remaining years at Hampshire in order to get a degree that will get me a middle-class job doing something I don't want to do just so I can afford my bus. A bus from 1968.

Note to the reader: This has nothing to do with the bus that COCA is currently trying to buy. If you don't know what I'm talking about, you should look at the cover of this issue again, and reconsider your belief that, "The school knows how to use my money

properly."

Speaking of this issue, you may have noticed some changes on our "Contents" page. Not noticing these changes only admits your lack of active participation in reading each and every word of this magazine. The changes I speak of happen to affect the way the *Omen* will be running from now on. You see, to be on the staff in the past, a person had to write three times in a row, and then, and only then, could they be on the staff. We've changed that. We've decided to separate those who put the issues together and those who write for the issue. In this way, we hope to further the understanding that there is no definite staff that "runs" the *Omen* other than the signers. If you come down to layout, any weekend that we happen to be laying it out in the Pub Lab, and do just a weee bit of proofreading, you too could have your name on the "layout and editing" list that has replaced the staff list.

In addition to these same changes, as I said earlier, the Table of Contents box has been altered to include the name of the article, the page on which it falls, and the author who wrote it, giving credit only where credit is due.

The final change concerns bylines. When you contribute to the *Omen*, you will have the word "Contributor" added to your byline to denote a one time contribution. However, if you still write three times and become a regular contributor, you will have the word "Columnist" added in place of "Contributor." You will also have the option of having one of those neat little column headers, such as "Section Zole."

I guess that about does it for this week. I'm gonna go draw pictures of my bus with little hearts around them now.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

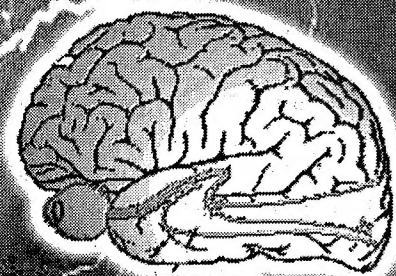
understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

KARL COMPETES FOR THE O. HENRY AWARD

BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

The Circle of Life

Gustav ate, yet he mourned the future faeces in his stomach.

Weight

She looked at him stone-faced, then fell down, because her face was made of stone.

The Cruelty of Man

Chlamydia Burke was a very nice person, but everyone made fun of her because of her accent.

Enlightened to Death

Phil knew that money didn't grow on trees; in a funny way, trees were money. Son of a bitch.

From On High

Tom made good cookies- they could kill the devil.

Charles and the Cannon-Ball

Charles met the cannon-ball: "AAARGH goddamn cock-sucking bastard bitch fuckity fucker damn Christ ow."

Free and Clear

Arnold ran from the prison, not even missing his eye-balls.

Elementary, My Dear Ms. Priffle

"Breastworks." Giggle-giggle. "Mastication." Titter-titter. "Stop that, you little shits."

The Desperate Scrabble-ist

"Nastonkey? Mollump? Purfaly? Hoave? Tert? Assex? Chocolut? Aerobuf? Scrumble?"

Neighbor- 'Hood Nocturne

Felix walked across the darkeed living room, then oh snap he fell down.

Marrying the Other

Errol flew through the window with a crash, then had sex with it on the glass-strewn floor.

Marketing

Outside Mr. Lucas's office, Vassily sweated. Even with all his years at P&G, he knew "O.B. Wan Kenobi" would be a hard-won licensed product.

Oblivion

It's really dark and quiet and cold and I'm dead.

Da Nang Proofreader

Vietnam or Viet Nam? Viet-Nam or VietNam? Shit this was hard, Sgt. Kellerman thought.

Duality

Carl rarely wrote any crap that wasn't piss-poor.



BOB THE TURTLE: A CLOSER LOOK

BY ROSALINA VALDEZ, COLUMNIST

At the request of Bob, I have included some of his stats.

Name: Bob the Turtle

Birthdate: December 23, 2000 (Don't worry ladies, he matured quickly)

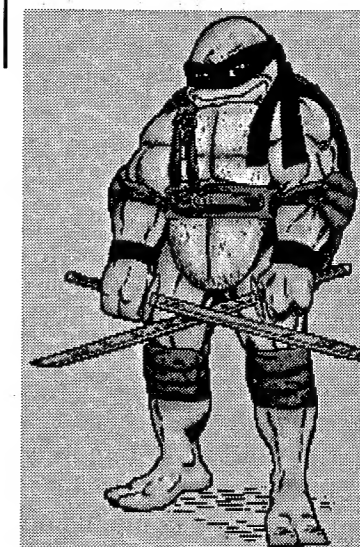
Birthplace: Made in Taiwan

Weight: 2-3 lbs.

Length: 1 + ft.

Favorite Movies: Anything with Gamera

Favorite Singer: Barry White



Favorite Pick-up Line: "Your shell or mine?"

Favorite Alcoholic Beverage: A fine red wine while listening to Barry White with the woman he was able to get with his pickup line.

Turn-ons: Long walks on beaches, anything green, and female turtles that take care of their shells.

Turn-offs: Pauly Shore films, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (he feels that he can take all of them on), and women of the indie-rock persuasion. Ideal First Date: Meet on one of those sandy beaches, a little bit of small talk, go back to his place, turn on some Barry White while sipping some of that red wine and show off his massaging techniques.



INTRAN's WEEKLY SCHEDULE FOR SPRING 2001

Visit INTRAN on the web at <http://intran.hampshire.edu>.

SUBMITTED BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE, COLUMNIST

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
5PM-7PM: Classic "Darwins Kids"	8PM-12AM: LEBRON- WIGGINS- PRAN CULTURAL CENTER TELEVISION	6PM-8PM: This Week's Community Council Meeting 8PM-12AM: Weekly "Humpday" Movie	8PM-10PM: "Optical StrapOn" 10PM-11PM: WWC Weekly Beatdown	6PM-8PM: Brand New "DarwinsKids" 8PM-9:15ish In the Studio LIVE! 9:15ish-12AM Friday Night Movie(s)	None	None

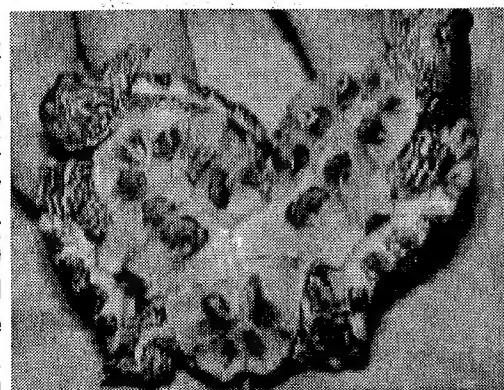


ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

He's been seen in Saga, he's been seen around the dorms and I'm pretty sure he has felt you up more than once.

No, I'm not talking about Greg Prince. I'm talking about Bob the Turtle.

Bob the Turtle came barreling into my life on December 23, 2000 and let me tell you...it was love at first sight. Once I removed



all the wrapping, I found an adorable, plush, yellow-faced turtle staring up at me. He was just what I needed! For a while I wanted a plush animal that I could take back to Hampshire with me, you know, for all those lonely nights (get your minds out of the gutters) and out of the blue, there he was in all his turtle-like glory.

What's so great about this turtle that warrants an Omen article about him? Well, for starters, like I have stated before, he's a cutie. Second of all, he vibrates.

Oh yes, he vibrates.

Maybe you didn't realize it but I'm pretty sure that your eyebrows just rose. He's a plush massager. Don't judge us. He's a good turtle, not a naughty one and I'm a good girl, not a

naughty one.

Actually, Bob the Turtle isn't as wholesome as I would like him to be. If I take my eyes off of him for one second he'll be in the arms of another. I'm wor-

ried about a good ol' Bob. I only see a future of table-whoring around Saga for him. Bob has become quite the little sadist as well. One evening while hanging out at with my favorite mod people (you crazy kids know who you are), Bob thought to teach a certain mod dweller (let's just call him Matt Noonan) a lesson.

Mr. Noonan was feeling especially lazy that evening and did not want to accompany Bob and I to the Tavern. Now, I could understand

that the lad was tired but Bob didn't take the news as well as I did. In a fit of rage, Bob decided to attach himself to Mr. Noonan's head and vibrate for five minutes straight. After the

shrieks of utter pain died down Bob and I went to the Tavern.

Mr. Noonan is now seeking counseling. He refuses to do anything "turtle related."

It may seem as though Bob is a bad turtle but he isn't. Sure he's an alcoholic. Yes, he has a gambling problem. But when- ever I've had a bad day, need a little company or something to hug, he's there on my bed, staring at me with those big, round, lovable black eyes of his, ready to give.

He's also very interested in all the going-ons of Hampshire College. He recently made a surprise appearance on Intran (Bob's all about meeting the students) and future plans involve running for Community Council,

working on the pet policy, and setting up an "All Turtle" mod. Bob's all about "spreading the turtle love."

Remember next time you see Bob the Turtle,

take a minute to come up to him, give him a little hug and remember not to be frightened if you feel some vibrating going on. That just means he likes you.



ZOLE'S OSCARS (ZOSCARS)



Section ZOLE



BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST
This campus has few strong traditions, and most of the ones it has are somehow Omen-related. Bashing the Omen, for example, is a tradition we have. But another good example is film journalism in the Omen. Right now we've got two fine gentlemen, whose names escape me at the moment, who both write unique, distinct columns about film in the Omen. But the problem is, those people actually know film. They've taken, like, classes about film. By contrast, I rarely actually go to the movies, and before I came to Hampshire I rarely even watched movies on video. People like me are never allowed to share their opinions on film, perhaps with good reason.

Well, if Section Zole isn't about ignoring good reasons, I don't know what it's about. So in light of the 2001 Academy Awards, I'd like to present some award categories that ought to exist, but don't. Why do we need new categories? I think that's pretty obvious. So here they are:

Good Picture: *Gladiator*. I'm not going to complain too much about the actual Oscars, since I don't really follow film that closely. But let's be honest with ourselves: *Gladiator* wasn't the Best Picture. It wasn't even supposed to be a Best Picture. It was good as a summer blockbuster, but if they wanted Best Picture, they shouldn't have been so goddamn lax with the historical accuracy. Now, I took Latin, and I can tell you that if you want action, sex, and political intrigue set against a backdrop of ancient

Rome, you don't have to make it up. *It's there*. More historically accurate films have won Best Picture, too.

Best Australian Actor in a Leading Role: Yahoo Serious, *Mr. Accident*. This was going to go to Russell Crowe, but it turns out he was actually born in New Zealand. So I guess this award will have to go to Yahoo Serious for his slapstick-filled performance in *Mr. Accident*. He plays a guy who works at an egg factory. You may be skeptical, but believe me when I say that Yahoo Serious isn't his real name. His real name is Greg Pead.

Best Picture That Was Supposed To Suck: *X-Men*. When I first saw the promotional shots of the actors in costume, I cringed. I had never even read any of the X-Men comics, but I already felt violated. However, when the movie came out, everyone who saw it had mostly good things to say. Well, I'll be. One complaint: according to imdb.com, *X-Men* had a budget of \$75 million. Couldn't they have spent more than \$8 on Halle Berry's wig?

Best Picture Which Stars Chow Yun-Fat As A Bad-ass: *The Replacement Killers*. Granted, it wasn't released in 2000, but so what? Sure, Chow Yun-Fat was in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, but he really wasn't too much of a bad-ass. Plus he didn't have much screen time. Hell, he wasn't even in the middle of the movie. How can you be a bad-ass if you're only in the beginning and the end?

Best Song: "Simply Irresistible" by Robert Palmer, from *American Psycho*. This was a tough one to decide, with other great songs such as "Sussudio" and "Hip to be Square" in the competition. However, Palmer really captures the mood of *American Psycho*, helping it become the feel-good hit of the summer. Runner-up: "No Sleep Till Brooklyn" by the Beastie Boys.

Most Prolific Porn Series: *Hot Latin Pussy Adventures*. While browsing the list of movies released in 2000, I happened to notice that various volumes of *Hot Latin Pussy Adventures* showed up no less than 8 times. Evidently volumes 3 through 10 were all released in 2000, and they all star a gentleman named Nacho Vidal as a "whoremonger". No contest.

Best Blair Witch Parody: *The Bunk Witch Project*. There were a scads of excellent Blair Witch parodies in 2000, including *The Blair Fish Project*, *The Ninja Spirit Project*, and my personal favorite, *The Bare Wench Project*. However, *The Bunk Witch Project* had a certain je ne sais quoi that the others couldn't match. I don't know what else to say, especially because I didn't actually see it. Runner-up: *Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2*.

Best Performance by a Saturday Night Live Alumnus: Tim Meadows, *The Ladies Man*. I wish Phil Hartman wasn't dead.



EGGS AND SAUSAGE {IN A CADILLAC WITH SUSAN MICHELSON}

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Lately, yours truly has been troubled by the craptacular nature of awards shows.

Steely Dan wins the Album of the Year.

Jon Stewart is an unfunny mo'fo.

I have to see Madonna and Little BowWow sharing a stage.

Gladiator wins movie of the year.

Bjork performs in a swan.

Russell Crowe doesn't kick Steve Martin in the head.

Julia Roberts wins Best Actress, causing every film geek in America to start preparing a letter bomb.

You get the idea. I have decided it is necessary for an award's show where everyone goes home happy. Well, maybe not everyone, but I will, because I pick all the winners. So I bring you the first annual Theoretical Calvinball Awards. No tacky speeches, no twenty minute monologues opened with tasteless ethnic jokes, and most importantly, Julia Roberts is nowhere to be found.

Our first category is **Humanitarian of the Year**

This was truly a tough decision. There have been many acts of Humanitarianism in the past year, all very deserving of this accolade. But like *Survivor*, *The Mole*, and *Boot Camp*, in the end there can be only one. And **The Golden Calvinball goes to...**

Hampshire College! By ensuring that tuition only goes up by another three percent next year,

they ensure that I will still be able to afford non-irregular bags of ramen for another year. They could have raised it even more and forced me to sell my body on the street to meet the tuition costs for my higher education, but now I can spend my nights reading Schopenhauer instead of being slapped around by my pimp.

Since Greg Prince is not here to accept the award, I am taking it into Springfield and pawning it so I can afford to buy books in the fall.

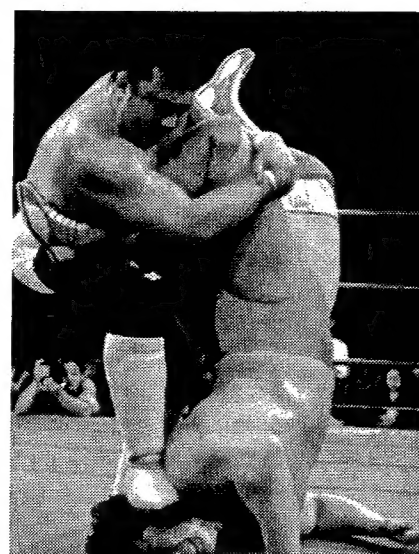
Our next category is **Performance of the Year**

Again, a close race. Perhaps I should use this opportunity to recognize the overlooked Ellen Burstyn for her role in "Requiem for a Dream." Or perhaps Radiohead, who the mavens say should have won Album of the Year. Or maybe Steve Martin, for making it through an entire four hour award show and making only one tasteless anti-Arab crack. But no, there was a far more impressive performance this year. And **The Golden Calvinball goes to...**

Toshiaki Kawada! "Who?" My readership collectively calls.

Kawada is the star of All Japan Pro Wrestling and widely considered to be the greatest professional wrestler of the nineteen nineties. On October Ninth he carried New Japan Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Kensuke Sasaki to a Match

of the Year Candidate at the Tokyo Dome on an Interpromotional card. Sasaki was before best known for injecting steroids and getting winded within ten minutes, truly a miracle. From Dean Rassmusen's review, available at <http://www.deathvalleydriver.com/dvdvr124.html>:



Toshiaki Kawada steps on Kenta Kobashi's face while applying a half crab.

"Kawada is on a mission here- he understands that the New Japan Heavyweight style COULD have been the predominant All Japan style if Misawa had half a brain and could look credible without snapping people's spinal chords. Kawada knows that a simplification of the Psychology and a simplification of moves can still create a compelling match and HERE he gets his big chance to prove

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XIV

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

GYA NA MOCHI
KINA PORO NO KIMA
TI NE TO!

1

2

HORA TO MA
NEKRALO SINGLA
MARANO TOPROTA,
SI-KA!

1

2

PA JAGNITA,
LOKO MA...

1

2

SINKA TO!

1

2

MORATIN GRAND LO
CHI JAGNITA
ICTRAMA,

1

2

SRAPOTO YA
HORA PORI

1

2

TRA LO POKOTO MA.

1

2

WAIT, WHAT
ABOUT JAGNITA?

1

2

(based on a true story)

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

this campus and their various inhibitions towards sex. What happened to the campus that used to think a sexual orientation was limiting, as was only two people in the bed at the same time? I know that we, like our vibrators, have not yet realized our full sexual potential, both as people and as objects. What everyone needs to do is go to Intimacies, my new favorite store, and pick themselves up either a toy or some literature, and play around. Experiment. The women who work at Intimacies are very helpful, and are more than willing to humor even the most naïve first year. They have ideas you wouldn't have thought to have thought of. And they're cool. It is my thought, and one which has been shared by girls before me, that maybe this campus wouldn't be so damned stressed out if everybody just got laid more. It's just an idea, but I think it's a good one.





LEARNING TO READ WITH GOOD VIBRATIONS

I have to admit, I think the dildo and vibrator are underrated. They don't get nearly enough press. They're brushed off as penis-substitutes and have no identity of their own. Well I'm here to tell you that the vibrator is the coolest thing since sliced bread and hella more fun, if you catch my drift.

I went into Intimacies the other day with one purpose: to buy a vibrator and a book on how to use it. I had explored individual options with a vibrator in the past, but I knew they had so much more potential. The Good Vibrations New Guide to Sex was prepared to tell me that yes, vibrators are for more than just single women with nothing to do on Saturdays or lesbians who want penis but not the guy attached. Vibrators are good for single women, single men, and couples of every kind. They have many uses, most of them sexual, although I understand you can also churn butter with them.

And now for a little background knowledge on the vibrator and dildo. For one thing, if all you have in your head is this image of a plain plastic, vaguely cylindrical object, you're sorely mistaken. They come in many more shapes than space rocket. You can get dildos in the penis shape, with or without balls, in plastic, rubber, silicone, wood, carrot or cucumber. And that's just what I saw in the store. On the internet, God only knows. As for vibrators, they're normally in

plastic or rubber. The silicone ones are more expensive, although I understand they feel marvelous. I like my rubber one, thank you very much, and I'm sure you love that much information.

My favorite thing about the rubber vibrators are the colors. There are LOTS of colors. I bought one for a friend in translucent pink, which was adorable, and mine is blue sparkles. Sparkles! That's modern technology for you!

Vibrators are a little bit more versatile in terms of their use. Dildos are for penetration. What you choose to penetrate is up to you. Vibrators are used for penetration, but they're also for more general stimulation. You can insert them or just massage your clit. You can tease the entire body, although that's generally more fun with a partner. FYI: everything is more fun with a partner. Take my very good word on it.

You wouldn't believe the shapes. There's one that not only has a special extension coming out of the base for the clit, but also rotates while it's inside you. No penis can do what this vibrator can do, although to be perfectly honest, I'm not sure that you'd want it to. I certainly wouldn't. It's like you're trapped in La Blue Girl, which is my worst nightmare, aside from a dinner party with Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush. Oddly enough, I feel comforted by the fact that the alien

vibrator comes in gray translucent rubber and nothing remotely natural.

What I want to talk about mainly is what you can do with a vibrator or dildo when you've got a partner and you want to fuck around more creatively. For starters, oral sex. Have you ever tried it while being penetrated with something? I doubt it. Try inserting a vibrator while having his or her tongue massage your clit. Fun stuff, if you like that sort of thing. (Which I do!) If you have a small vibrator, you can use it for anal or clitoral stimulation while your male partner enters you. Here's another side note. Vibrators come in a LOT of different sizes. There are some the size of a finger, designed mainly for anal penetration, and then there are some over a foot long. Most come in either six or eight inches, and have a radius between 1.5 and 2.5 inches. If you're really into vibrators or dildos, it's normally recommended that you buy them in more than one size, because your vagina, during different parts of its cycles, may actually have a different preference for what gets stuffed up it. What fits fine during your period may hurt during other times of month, or vice versa. I admit, I don't have enough experience with this to call myself an expert on the inner workings of the vagina. Sorry for everyone who cares.

Listen close and listen well. I'm amazed by the people on

it. In front of a sold out Tokyo Dome, against a wrestler who hasn't had a great match in five years, Kawada pulls the trigger and shows that HE is the true money player in Puroresu. Kawada understands the basis of the style- the moves are big, the story is simple, the stiffness level is high- it's a perfect setting for Kawada, the All Japan purveyor of said tenets of wrestling."

Rassmussen is the man when it comes to reviewing pro wrestling, and the above is a good reason why. One thing is for sure; Ellen Burstyn never kicked anyone in the face really hard.

Our next award is **Quote of the Year**

Well, we can all be assured that our current president holds many of the top spots, but simple incompetence with language isn't enough to take home the award this year. Oh no, you need that something more than just a grammatical faux pas. So, **The Golden Calvinball goes to...**

Mike Tramp! When asked about his band's contribution to the musical landscape, the lead singer of White Lion said, "Hey I know I'm from the 80s but I didn't kill anybody."

Now I want to take some time out for a very special presentation. The "Theoretical Calvinball™" **Lifetime Achievement Award**

There have been many people who have made us laugh and who have made us cry. Who have touched our lives in some special way, or enriched the fabric of social consciousness. "Enriched the fabric of social consciousness?" Wow, that makes absolutely no sense. That notwithstanding, let the Pulitzers, or the Nobels, or the Country Music Awards honor these people. My lifetime achievement award goes to Masaharu Morimoto. You may know him better as Iron Chef Japanese. Well, not only has his Neo-Japanese cuisine and surly disposition entertained me for years, but this year I got a special treat as he whipped that pussy, Bobby Flay all over

Kitchen Stadium. Hopefully it will send him packing back to the Lifetime Network, where his presence will not sully quality shows like *Ready! Set! Cook!* and *Emeril Live!*

Finally, I would like to wrap up the evening with the reason you are all here, **The Fucker of the Year Award**.

Truly, we all know in our hearts that this award was never in doubt. And **The Golden Calvinball goes to...**

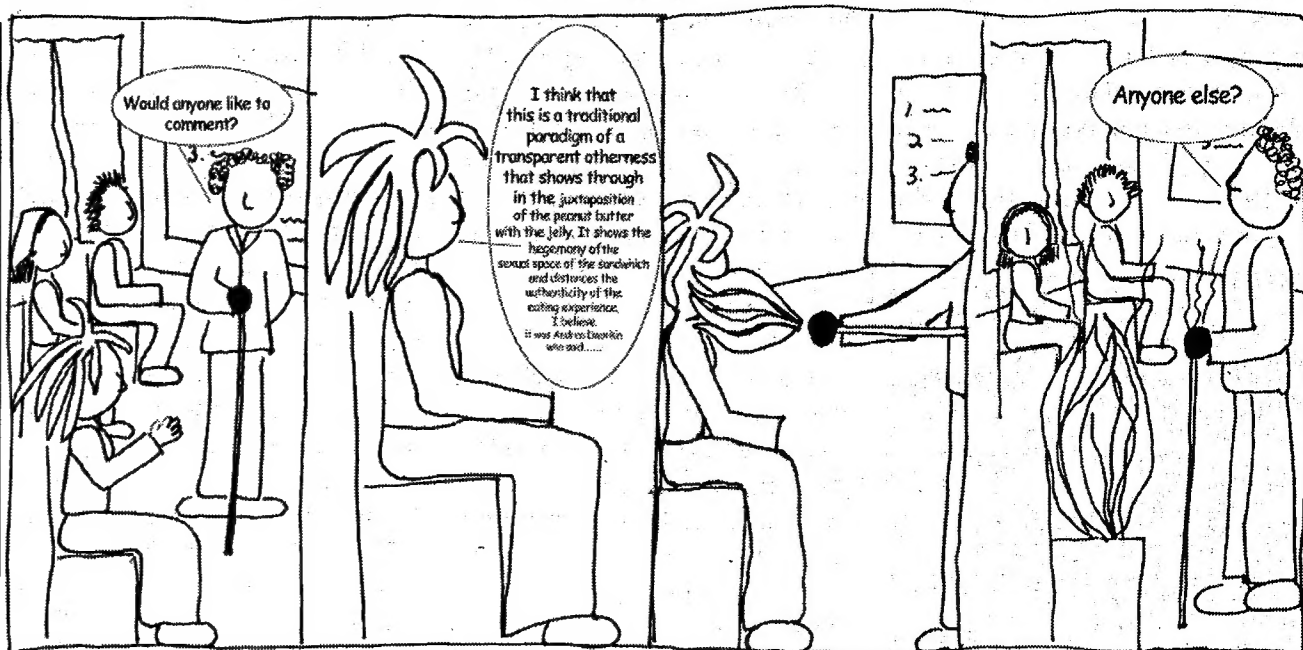
Gabriel McKee! Yes, Gabe. His attempts to strike back at my dagger-like witticisms are admirable, but in the end purely laughable. Gabe, you will always have your latent fuckerness to get you through the bad times.

Until next time, Hampshire is also proud to announce they will only be scaling back financial aid by three percent as well in keeping with recent years, forcing me to go pick out fishnets for a few "nights on the town." Ah, the pains we go to for a liberal arts education.



A MONKEY'S UNCLE

BY JENNIFER JYMM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST

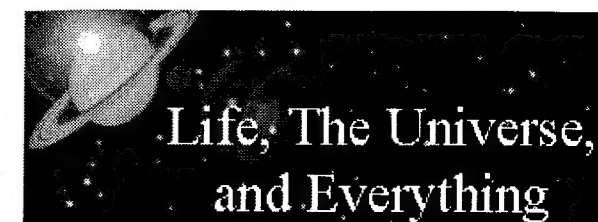


MORE ON NEXT PAGE

We Hardly Knew Ye

I'M NOT SEXY ENOUGH

THE GENERAL MISH MOSH OF THINGS



Life, The Universe, and Everything

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

Thanks to some skilled pilfering at WMHC, an associate of mine managed to acquire a copy of Right Said Fred's debut album *Up*. You may not be familiar with this album, but I'm pretty sure you've heard its first single, "I'm Too Sexy". There were follow-up singles, of course, and they actually did pretty well in England, but here in America we didn't want other songs. We wanted "I'm Too Sexy", and we wanted a Spanish version. So in this week's edition of *We Hardly Knew Ye*, I'll be asking the question: *Right Said Fred has other songs?*

Right Said Fred is made up of two goofy-looking brothers (who look like Nemo staffers, if you ask me) and some even goofier-looking guy. One of them sings, and the other two play guitar. But to be honest, most of the sound you'll hear on the album is all done on synthesizers programmed by yet another guy, who isn't listed as part of the band. I guess that might explain the album's overall sound. Based on "I'm Too Sexy", I expected wall-to-wall synth-pop, but the synth-pop really only happens in the rhythm section.

Statistics for "Up"

Number of songs: 10
Number of songs with the word "love" in the chorus: 6
Number of songs which feature actual drums: 2
Number of songs which feature OOM-chi OOM-chi: 5
Number of stars given in All Music Guide review: 3

The rest of it is pretty standard soft rock, with elements of pop, dance, and even a bit of lounge thrown in. Richard (the singer and Bald Guy #1) endows every tune with what can only be called crooning, and a bit of a swagger — he makes me feel uncomfortable.

One thing's for certain: *Up* is definite bachelor pad music. On my first



scan through the album, it immediately struck me as the sort of thing a suave guy might have played in 1992 to get laid. It's kinda dancy, kinda loungey, and kinda sensitive in a kinda contrived way. On "Swan", for example, Rich does his best Morrissey impression and moans "I told you once when it comes to love / I'm like a swan / I only love once". Oh yeah. A bottle of wine, a candlelit dinner, and Right Said Fred. Hopefully she won't notice the inept repetition of "once" and "love" in the said lyric. Personally, I'm more perturbed by the beat: every song uses the same stock rhythm used by every dance tune since 1987 (OOM-chi OOM-chi) and it's goddamn annoying.

The thing that gets me, and

I feel dirty saying this, is that *Up* for the most part isn't bad. Oh, it's a guilty pleasure. It's ridiculous and sappy through and through, in a way that only early 90s Brits can pull off. You want love songs? They've got your fucking love songs. And except for "I'm Too Sexy", which actually seems a little out of place, it's all kind of homogenous; two tracks, "Do Ya Feel" and "Is It True About Love", segue together so smoothly that they are revealed to be basically the same song. To top it off, I found some pictures of the band online, and looking at them all bald and shirtless made me want to wither and die. All that aside, as pop fluff goes, *Up* is decent pop fluff.

Right Said Fred may have scored a big hit with "I'm Too Sexy", but in the end they were just another band whose hit was too catchy and too much of a novelty. There are many such success/failure stories, and yet Weird Al, whose hits are *all* novelties, is doing better and better. Obviously Weird Al is some sort of success vampire, so if you're planning on releasing a song which will climb to the charts and be forgotten, for God's sake be careful. For more information on Right Said Fred, visit their official web page at www.rightsaidfred.com or a site that claims to be their official web page at www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/1159/. **Next issue:** House of Pain will assert their Irish heritage, kick some punk's ass, and drink a Guinness.



BY JENNIFER JYMM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST

This article is going to be nuts, so bear with me. I've got a lot of stuff to say, and only 800 words to say it in, so buckle your seat belts, we're going for a ride. And be warned, I'm in a bitchy mood...so watch out. It all started with Spring Break. By the time it rolled around I was frantically homesick. I was really glad to get home. That lasted for about two days—the time it took me to realize that my family is !!!fucking nuts!!!!. They drove me absolutely batty. By the end of the week I was smoking a pack a day and power walking in the rain with DC Talk on the headphones. "What would people say if they found out I'm a Jesus Freak?"

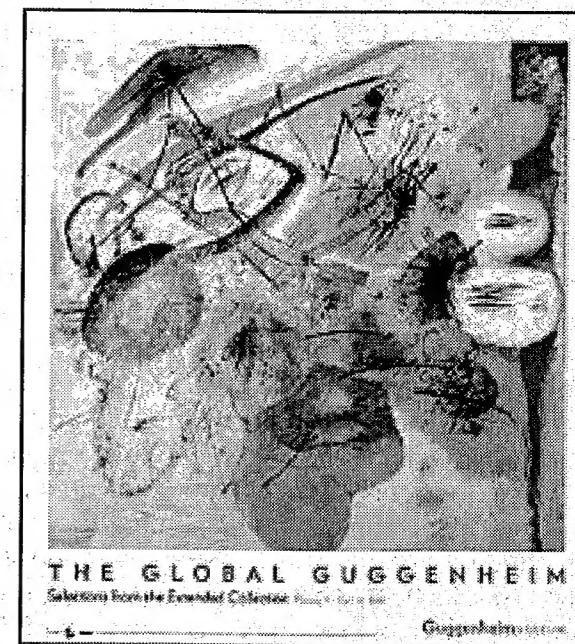
Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Then there was a brief excursion to good old NYC, and the Guggenheim, where I discovered a picture I like to call fruit salad. There were also some crossed wires there, which involved me lugging a suitcase all over Manhattan and a nasty phone call from my mother the next morning. "What would people do if they find out it's true?"

Finally, I got back here, and what was waiting for me? Snow! Jesus Fucking Christ. It's April already!! Somebody should go tell Mother Nature to turn down the air conditioner. We all thought the end of the world would come in a

blaze of fire. We were wrong. It will come with an eternal winter, and I believe that it has arrived. "I don't really care if they say that I'm a Jesus Freak..." Madness is unavoidable in the end.

Now that I'm finished ranting, let me make two points: The



Omen sucks, and not everyone at this school is rich. Now I will elaborate.

The Omen sucks. It's a fact. And you know what, it's probably your fault. Yes you, the lazy fuck who's been reading this shit we write and thinking "Hey, I bet I could write something better than this" and not doing it. I pile heaps of dung smelling scorn upon your head. All we write anymore are inside jokes and inane tripe. But what the hell do you expect? Not only do we have to lay this magazine out for you ungrateful wretches once every two

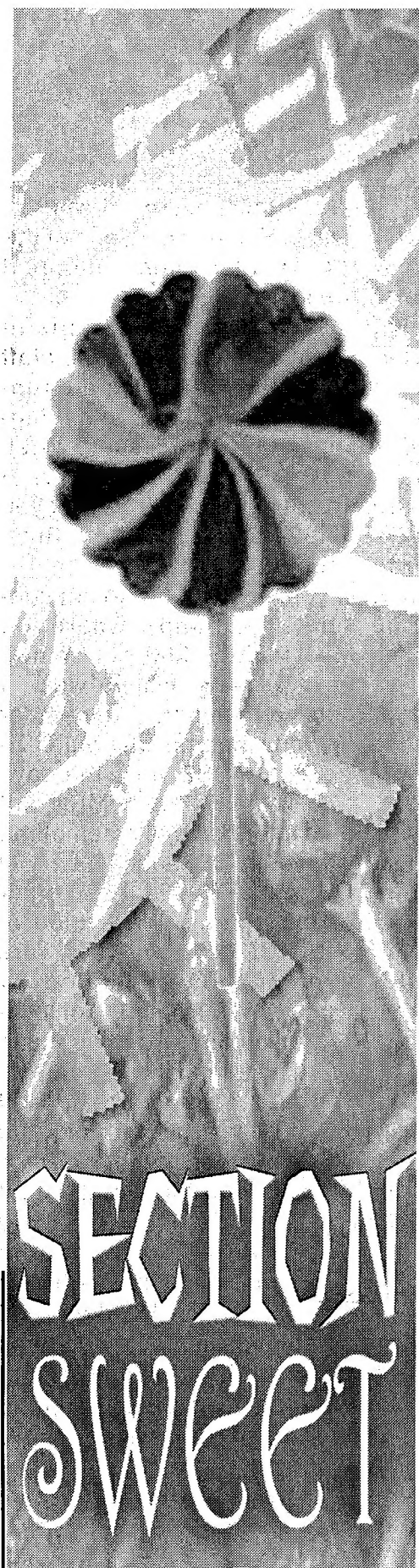
weeks...but we also have to write the articles for you to enjoy! If you people would get off your asses and write something, we'd all have time to give it a rest and think of something truly brilliant to write. But instead we write articles about each other. As the situation stands, we write to keep the Omen alive, because we believe in an open forum. We are tired. Out writing is on a downward spiral. Give us a break already and write something!!

The other idea struck me last night as I was leaving Saga. This guy said, as he was walking past me, "How can you conduct a class study in a place where everyone is upper class?". Wrong answer, bub. First of all, not everyone here has money, or has parents with money. I know I don't. Just because

it's an expensive school, doesn't mean everyone can afford it...it just means there are a lot of people willing to think outside of their budgets. YOU talk about making gross assumptions about race and culture and gender. Well, it works both ways, stupid. We are not all rich white kids.

There's a lot more diversity of experience here than people assume. Wow! I never knew that a hate rant could be so invigorating. Think I'll go to a party now. Have a good weekend!!





5 + 7 + 5 = 2 ARTICLES

New haiku this week.
I will rant of many things.
You don't have to read.

People abuse staff,
Omen, Phys. Plant and others.
Why not say "Thank you?"

Choreographers.
Some are easy to work with.
Some, perhaps, are not.

Snow falling all night.
It makes the pine trees mountains.
Peaks, crevices, all.

Enough with nature.
Back to my complaining rant.
What you're looking for.

I don't believe you.
Max Power: unlikely name.
Sister: Full Throttle.

Life has been peaceful.
I find myself quite content.
Thus, few rants this week.

If you write to me
With ideas for new haiku,
I will be grateful.

No promises, though.
I may not use your ideas.
Box: two eighty-three.

If you send money,
Unmarked bills, tens and twenties,
You may sway my mind...

BY KATHLEEN CHADWICK, CONTRIBUTOR



COLE MAKES ME FEEL ALL TINGLY

BY BETH DAY, CONTRIBUTOR

I have just spent seven hours in Cole reading mind-numbing papers about the Holyoke Range, disturbance, and maples. Since my brain is now too fried to write this paper due the day after tomorrow (hell I've got another day to write 10 pages), I figured why not do something fun for a little bit, like write an article extolling the joys of Cole.

My obsession with Cole began upon my realization that science at Hampshire is great. The impression I gained of Hampshire before I came here as a student (through my research and experiences visiting) was that science at Hampshire was really kind of non-existent and that I would be spending most of my time taking science classes at the other colleges. The immense joys of Cole were denied to me by my tour guide (thus why I decided to be a tour guide; examine the interests of admissions interns and you'll find few of the 20-something of us do science). But it was a LIE! A vicious LIE!! Hampshire students are not all social science philosophy artsy people. While you silly people have tired words like hegemony and raceclassgender, we have words like sustainability. But anyways, Cole, lovely Cole.

Here's my list of great things about Cole:

1. Cole has dogs. That no pets sign on the front door is a lie. If you're ever feeling down cause you miss your pets (cause lord knows that's all I miss about home), head on over to Cole. There are two yellow labs on the third floor who are around a lot, and Larry Winship usually has a fluffy Shi Tzu following him around. There may be more I don't see around as much.

2. Good computers. Cole has probably some of, if not the best, public use open late computers at Hampshire. Screw the library, the library computers suck, and they're only open a half hour later than Cole. There are iMacs on the second floor, G4's on the 3rd floor, and REAL PC's on the 3rd floor. It's also quieter there than in the library I've found as well.

3. Weird contraptions. There are all kinds of crazy equipment hanging out in Cole that is used for all kinds of crazy stuff. I don't think the professors even know what all of it is for. We're the only undergraduate institution (oooh, cheesy admissions promotional phrase) that has a laser ablation-inductively coupled plasma mass spectroscopy. Who knows what it does, they tried to explain to me at admissions, and I figured out what they use it for, but not really what it does. We also apparently have an optics lab in the basement. I've never been in the basement. I'm afraid.

4. There's a door in one of the closets that leads up to the roof. One morning in one of my Ecology classes a couple guys just walked on out of the closet and I was like where did they come from? Apparently there's a rickety ladder hidden in there that leads up to the roof. How neat. You're supposed to only go up there with a professor, but I'm sure people have their ways...

5. Old couches everywhere. There aren't as many as there used to be, but there still are some. When I first came to Hampshire they were lining all the walls. Apparently it was a fire hazard, though, so the majority of them got put into professors' offices or went elsewhere.

6. Walls that are white boards.

In one of the new classrooms, the entire wall is a white board. It's just a great feeling to get to write all over the wall.

7. Proximity to Central Records and such. If most of your classes, advisors, and committee members are in Cole, as mine are, its great and convenient that Central Records and the various filing offices are right downstairs. Not to mention it's also right next to the library, school store, and mail room.

8. The greenhouse. Don't let that funky smell fool you. The greenhouse is warm and humid, which is great when it's cold and dry outside. There are lots of neat plants being grown in there. So when the winter that never ends is getting you down, go to the greenhouse and pretend you're in a funky smelling tropical paradise. Ooh, and they have fish too. Colorful fish. They're mainly the source of the funky smell. They love people though, and they'll love you truly if you have some food.

9. Wacky professors. The majority of the science professors I've had are all pretty amusing in one way or another, and many of them are fun to just talk to and have a conversation with. A year ago I was taking Calculus with Ken Hoffman, and couple other people and I would go to his help sessions and often we wouldn't end up talking about anything to do with Calculus.

10. Toys!!! At the greenhouse end of the 3rd floor, there's a bunch of toys to play with on one of the tables. We were playing with these foam tessellation blocks the other day.

11. 'Cause if science or math is your thing, there ain't no better place to be.



FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

SHAUN BREAKS DOWN AND CRIES, AGAIN

BY SHAUN BOYLE, COLUMNIST

must say that I would never try to put my loyal readers on a guilt trip. Oh no. I do this column for the love of everything dealing with cinema, to include films made by Roland Emmerich and Dean Devlin. During spring break, I read some of my columns from this semester and last semester. Then I began to weep openly. Why had I stooped so low? How had something so promising turned into a steaming pile of panda shit so quickly?

I remember sitting in the publications lab my second semester as I made my "film critic for hire" graphic. If you direct your attention to the graphic, you can see that I put a new spin on the whole idea of Kool Aid points. Okay, I didn't put a new spin on it. You might even go as far to say that I ripped off the whole idea, which is probably correct. The fact remains that it was pretty funny at the time, at least to me because I clearly remember laughing out loud at my own joke. If you're playing the home version of my column then you might be interested to know that no one has yet redeemed points for prizes. Oh whom am I kidding? No one reads this column. They just flip the page to Zole's article or Gwynne's or that first year that thinks he's a little hot shit. So I don't use theoretical or comatose in my title, that's no reason to ignore my column.

So this week I've decided to do something I haven't done in awhile: review some films. I sacrificed my spring break and time

with family I haven't seen in years so that I would have something to talk about this week. I saw five, count em', six movies in the span of a week and a half.

Exit Wounds: Steven Seagal has been demoted to a C list actor over the past five years and this is the first film of his since *Fire Down Below* to be released in theaters. Most people would probably think that DMX is the major star in this film (his new song is the backbone of the score), but Seagal has most of the screen time. Directed by Andrzej Bartkowiak, *Exit Wounds* is a scathing, unflinching indictment of police corruption in the inner cities. Well at least it could've been but in reality it is a poorly directed, acted, and edited action film that Warner Brothers released on over 3000 screens to ensure that it would open big. DMX is the only redeeming feature of the film and maybe one day he'll be given a good script (anyone who says *Romeo Must Die* was good has no idea what they're talking about and should be ignored or divorced if they are your spouse).

Enemy at the Gates: I was psyched for this movie because I am a big fan of war films. With all the talent involved, the film is a big disappointment. Set during the battle of Stalingrad, the film chronicles the battle between two master snipers, one German and the other Russian. Vassili, the Russian Sniper, speaks in a British accent and for some reason so do the rest of the Rus-

sians. If memory serves me correctly, there is hardly any Russian spoken in the film. On the German side, however, everyone speaks German until Ed Harris' character arrives and then everyone starts speaking the native language of Germany, which we all know is actually English.

The battle scenes are pretty impressive but everything seems to end prematurely and elements like Russian political officers are ignored halfway through the film. While the cinematography is beautiful, it seems to take away from the whole "war is hell" theme. The streets of Stalingrad look war torn but at the same time they look like a set designer created them, which is a bad thing for a war film because it takes away from the realism. In the end, I guess I just had trouble buying anything that was going on. The fact that the film is historically inaccurate didn't help but I found myself not caring that a character died or lived.

Say it Isn't So: I really don't have much to say about this film. It's basically a ninety-minute incest joke with a legless pilot and rednecks thrown into the mix. I believe I only laughed three times and once I was laughing at the people in front of me because they spilled all their popcorn. Also I would like to clear something up. This film is not directed by the Farrelly brothers, they produced it. The Farrelly brothers have made a couple of hits over the past five years and now it's time for them to sit back and

FRANCESCA IS ARTICLE!



BY FRANCESCA (GABRIEL MCKEE) LA BOP

Hello here again ever one. You may all recall in mind the person who I am, Francesca La Bop, previously on Nemo. Well, may you now there is not been a Nemo from some weeks now. Last year in facts! What goes on in this campus ours? Wherefour no issue of our favorites news paper?

I fortyone will not sit for these. I am taking my rage outside. Accuse us we must the insidious "publication," THE OMEN, for kill our poor Nemo. Without the chiding this OMEN gave, NEMO would' still be with us here. What is the fuck? Had it to here with Omen I.

Truth to be told, the NEMO was in drier straights last half-year. These staff were turning over and over with no end within the sights. Hard it was to fill two pages sometime. Editors changing and changing—Kevin O'Kevin hardly the great leader. What with his attempts in the organizing of the paper, it nearly fell to pieces in our hands. All the articles of news! Nearly I wrote one myself, and I am not newsworthy. All this at the demand of O. Kevin. We not wanted to write news, but rather to keep NEMO lively with recipes. NEWSPAPER of hampshire should not contain news! This is against the school. Just look to the Forward—no news! And official are they. They receive a payment for each time they are not producing

issues.

Kevin the Kevin was the corrupt ruler with a fist of iron. But not I Francesca! I was fed completely with him, and consideration of leaving the STAFF. But perserved I did! HA! Little did we know.

That the NEMO's had a small number of days and it passed the time counting them! Here is the place where enters the mocking of the OMENN. As we are knowing, OMEN is a force of power on our place, and it derterminates the opinion of the mass. This is its power. I have not ever liked the OMEN. Fore these reasons. And the OMEN mocked the NEMO to no end, always in every issue saying nemo-this nemo-that hahaha. Beneath its laugheter we suffer.

Also OMEN has all the funding. So because OMEN makes with the minds of every student. The N E M O quick fell out of the favor of HAMPSHIRE. Our public station sat in stacks, on

shelves, in corners and
garbage cans not read by any
one. Except the NEMO
STAFF which was buckling its
belts under the pressure of the
KEVIN editor jerk. Do you
know the hardshin? No. Be-

cause there were no readership on the Nemo is one of the reason why nnemo stopped the publish.

ADD TO THIS a plane crash that kills much the staff for the NEMO and we are running into problems with bringing you the new issues. WILL THE NEMO RETURN???? I do not now. May it be that you help? We shall see. But I doubt it.

MEANWHILE I do not consider that I know where the MICHAEL ZIMM is. When Last we saw him he was. I don't remember. Remember do you when he was our EDITOR? THOSE were the day.

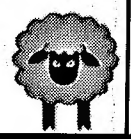

I HATTE THE OMEN but
ever the less will I sometime
write in it. BEcause I have NO
CHOCIE! This is a sad affair
of the states. The voice of
FRANCESCA will find ears
even if they be soiled by
Omenness. Hoping I am to let
you hear from me again
and I miss you.

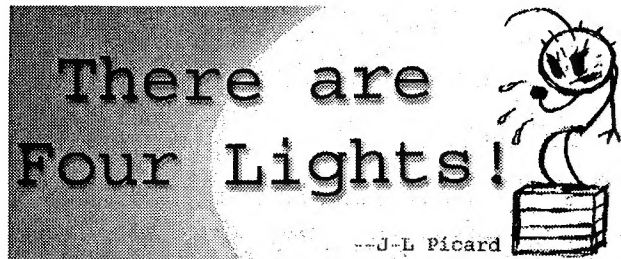
CA-
OR
O.

I would like to add here that I think this business with the base is horrible. And I dont thiink that you HAMpshires should mock it by the writing in chalk on buildings. If some one alien set you up the bomb and you would be not wanting it to be a laughing stock joke on sme other planet.

That is all the

Francesca





DICK

Dick. That's right—Dick. My Div III is on Dick. To be more specific, that's "Philip K. Dick," the science fiction author whose theological and metaphysical speculations my project explores. Dick is, I contend, an important and original religious thinker.

But people don't hear that. You say the name "Philip K. Dick" to someone, and his or her ears will fail to pick up the first 7 letters of that name. All they get is Dick.

When I'm reading a book by Phil on the bus, I'm looking at my Dick. When I need to give up social activities in order to work on my Division III, either reading or writing, I'm spending time alone with my Dick. Should I choose to show my colleagues and professors the work I've done so far, I'm showing them my Dick. I've spent many hours alone in my room,

ANYONE WHO'S INTERESTED IN DICK SHOULD LOOK ON EBAY; A LOT OF DICK IS AVAILABLE FOR AUCTION...

working with my Dick, hoping to graduate on time. Dick is difficult to understand, but I've put more thought into it than most folk do, and I feel it's paid off well. I've learned more about Dick in the past 7 months than most people do in a lifetime. It's really enriched my life, and I'm glad I

chose to focus on Dick for this phase of my education.

Some people think that, because I'm exploring the religious thought of this particular writer, that I'm proposing a new religion with Dick as Messiah. I have to carefully and calmly explain that, no, I don't worship Dick. I do feel, however, that Dick is a great place to begin for those who wish to look for God. Dick produced a whole lot of admirable things, but I think it's a bit wrong to start some sort of Dick cult. "The Church of Dick," it would be called, were I to propose it. Where we all gather round and sing songs about Dick. And the preacher gets up, and gives a great sermon on Dick. Afterwards, people hobnob in the lobby, discussing their lives, families, and yeah, maybe a little Dick.

That's not what I'm all about. I'm interested in the scholarly study of Dick—more specifically, the religious aspects of Dick, as I've said. I think it's high time Dick was brought into the classroom of religious studies, and feel that there should be more articles on Dick in scholarly journals in all disciplines. Dick is quite important in 20th-Century literature, and I feel that this fact

requires recognition. More scholars need the courage to stand up and say, "I study Dick;" or "I'm quite interested in Dick;" or even "I am the foremost expert on Dick in my field." I may be one of the first scholars in religious studies to embrace Dick; I hope that I am not the last.

Anyone who's interested in Dick should look on eBay; a lot of Dick is available for auction, some of it at very reasonable prices. A number of his books have recently been reprinted, so there's plenty of Dick to go around. I'm also willing to share some of my Dick with interested parties, as long as they promise to take very good care of it. Some of what I have are very old editions of Dick; a little beaten-up, they nonetheless look and smell quite nice (the sweet smell of Dick, one might say). In the cold winter months, it feels quite nice to curl up under a blanket and lose oneself in a nice old Dick. It's an experience I would recommend to you all, even if you choose not to incorporate Dick into your studies as I have.

I could go on for hours about Dick, but I think I'm going to stop there. Anyone who is interested is welcome to read my Division III, in which I explore Dick much more fully than I have done in this short article. And anyone who doesn't like it can suck my Philip.



watch the producer dollars roll in. Wes Craven put his kids through college by doing this between the *Scream* films.

15 Minutes: If you can enter the theater and accept the fact that this film is going to cop out in the end, then you're going to enjoy it. Sure when the point comes in the film when it should end, you'll throw your hands up in the air out of sheer frustration. Just remember the one hour and forty minutes of entertainment the film provided before that point and you will walk out of the movie theater satisfied. *15 Minutes* attempts to be a critique of media violence and ultimately fails because it takes itself too seriously. For one hour and forty minutes, though, the film is a very taut action thriller with some pretty original sequences.

Heartbreakers: *Heartbreakers* is not without its flaws. At times the film moves slowly and a lot of the jokes fall flat. In the end, the good far outweighs the bad. If you're looking to have some fun during the March/April dry spell of releases, then *Heartbreakers* is the film for you. Just to see Gene Hackman, who plays the president of a tobacco company, cough up a lung in every scene is worth the price of admis-

sion alone. Sigourney Weaver, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Ray Liotta are all good in their respective parts. Jason Lee is incredibly underused but still manages to add a few laughs during the time he is onscreen.

Heartbreakers marks a new technical advancement for cinema with the introduction of the extended 'hewitt' medium close up. A lot has been said on the subject by film scholars and frat boys alike and I will try to avoid interjecting my personal opinion as I attempt to explain this new method for photographing actors. Basically the shot is just wide enough so that the actors face and bountiful bosom are in frame. Before the film was released, cinematographers were plagued with only having a certain amount of room to frame a medium close up. This was usually from just below the clavicular line to the top of the head. The extended 'hewitt' medium close up extends the area by adding the breast area as well. It was truly amazing to sit in the theater and watch in awe as each new extended 'hewitt' medium close up flooded the screen. This truly is a great time to be a moviegoer. *sniff*

Tomcats: I have seen a lot of films in my lifetime and I can

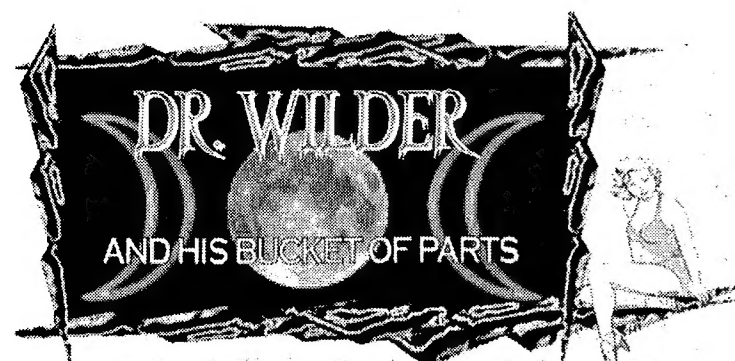
safely say *Tomcats* is one of the worst. It just reeks of sloppiness, bad acting, and no actual story. I'm hoping that the string of gross out sex comedies has finally come to an end. Honestly I don't think any other movie will be able to top *Tomcats*. I end my column with a description of one of the worst scenes every recorded to celluloid.

One of the main characters played by Jake Busey has just had his left testicle removed because of testicular cancer. Jerry O'Connell's character, while visiting Busey's character in the hospital, is asked to retrieve his left ball from the medical storage room. The reason? Busey says that the ball belongs to him, and rightfully so. So O'Connell searches the hospital for the room, which turns out to be marked by a very helpful sign. He enters to find Busey's testicle in a jar but of course O'Connell has butterfingers. Then the testicle begins rolling around on the ground and all through the hospital until it ends up in a chocolate confectionaries box. Then Shakespearean actor David Ogden Stiers eats it. BRILLIANT!

Next time: *Spy Kids*, *Blow*, *Josie and the Pussycats*, *Just Visiting*



<p>I don't want no more cuts and scrapes.</p>	<p>COWAAAAAARD!</p>	<p>No, it's just my blood stinks sumpin' awful.</p>
Screamin' Steven		BY KARL MOORE



WILDER

3:16

Dr. Wilder was inspired by the game Alpha Centauri to seek the Five Transcendent thoughts, which one collected would unite and enlighten all of humanity. First, watching The Matrix, he discovered "There is no spoon!" Then, on the road, in search of the remaining four, he read the Second Transcendent Thought on a McDonalds bag: "Fast. Fresh. Just for you."

Unfortunately, on the way to the nearest The Wall, to sample every top 40 CD of the last year, to find the Third Transcendent thought embedded in pop music, Dr. Wilder was stopped by mysterious operatives who loaded him into a helicopter.

"Enlightenment threatens our way of life, Dr. Wilder," explained the evil old voice. "It must not be allowed, and so, this international organization is charged with the duty to kill you."

"Fast! Fresh! Just for you!" Dr. Wilder shouted, standing tall in the cargo hold. He felt the power of the words, the perfection of the thought, coursing through his body. "There is NO...SPOON!" At that, Dr. Wilder thrust his hand through the ceiling. There, he grabbed the spindle of the helicopter blade, twisted it, and snapped it off in his hand. No longer suspended in air by the blade's rotary thrust, the body of the helicopter rushed toward the earth. Meanwhile, Dr. Wilder kept hold of the spindle, which tore him up through the roof of the falling chopper, up into the open air.

The helicopter and its evil operatives plummeted as Dr. Wilder and his stolen blades soared away over the hillsides. Down, down, down he floated, light like a feather. He touched down, gentle as could be, in the parking lot of a fabulous mall. He dusted his hands and straightened his clothes.

"Fast. Fresh. Just for you," he said, and he went toward the nearest car. It was a 1998 Volkswagen Beetle, complete with complimentary fake flower, which itself was complete with artificial plastic dewdrops. Hanging by the bug, were two enlightened teens, a girl in Abercrombie and Fitch, and a boy with a pierced cornea and clothing by Hot Topic. Pop music blared from their radio as they sat on the hood, smoking and talking. Dr. Wilder went over to them quickly, certain that such wise products of modern improvement would swiftly direct him to the Third Transcendent Thought. He heard the end of their intellectual and spiritual dialogue.

"Carson hardly hosts more than once a week," she complained, her voice full of woe. "It's a bunch of stupid celebrity guests."

"Yeah, and what's up with Steely Dan nabbing the Grammy? I never even heard of Steely Dan. What the shit? Are they like a Frank Sinatra band?"

"I hate Frank Sinatra."

"I hate all movies made before 1980."

"I hate all pop culture-from before I was born."

"I hate anything uncool enough

to lack a pop soundtrack and get played on MTV in a marathon."

"Like Charlie Brown! What's up with that piano bullshit!"

"They could've at least gotten celebrity voices."

"Jennifer Love Hewitt would make a good Snoopy."

"That dumb dog don't talk-he's all mime and shit."

"There is NO SPOON!" Dr. Wilder shouted.

"Wazzup?" asked the cornea-marked lad.

"Fast. Fresh. Just for you."

"Dude! Yes!!"

"I was just thinking that!" she replied.

"Let me see your radio," Dr. Wilder said. he plopped down into his seat and popped in a tape waiting there.

"That's my tape," she explained. "It's kind of old, but I dunno, there's something about it. I just can't get enough of it!"

"It rocks!" he added.

The music began, and a feeling of boiling glee ground against his soul. He was uplifted, he soared, his unified being dancing with the heartthrob of the universe. The singing was the inspired yet fulfilling song of the young-the combined joy of all youth and vigor, the glory of modern children. It was Britney Spears, and in her harmonious voice, she sang a peaceful, purifying, spiritual, innocent and educating, empowering and clarifying chorus: The Third Transcendent Thought.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

D.T.E. GETS POLITICAL
by M. Zole
www.zole.org

SILENCE IS A HATE CRIME.	AAAAAAAAAAAA	AAAAAAAAAAAA
1 2	1 2	1 2
AAAAAAAAAAAA	AAAAAAAAAAAA	AAAAAAAAAAAA
1 2	1 2	1 2
AAAAAH		RACIST.
1 2	1 2	1 2

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Oops! I did it again!"

The teens nodded their heads vigorously. Then Dr. Wilder added, "There is no spoon! Fast! Fresh! Just for you! Oops! I did it again!"

God Himself let out a cheer in Heaven. "You the man!" he said, and every atom in existence rejoiced. The two teens snuggled into the backseat and made sweet love, so overcome are they with perfect adoration for one another, if they had not acted upon it, their hearts might have exploded in their chests. Meanwhile, Dr. Wilder fled into the parking lot, leaping gracefully over several cars at a time, perhaps lifted aloft by the angels on high.

More than half of the Transcendent Thoughts had been gathered.

Life on Earth-it was looking up.

